

DOCTOR WHO

RADIO TIMES

THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH

(This PDF includes regional variations of the same material)

NEXT WEEK – Issue Dated 14-20 November 1964

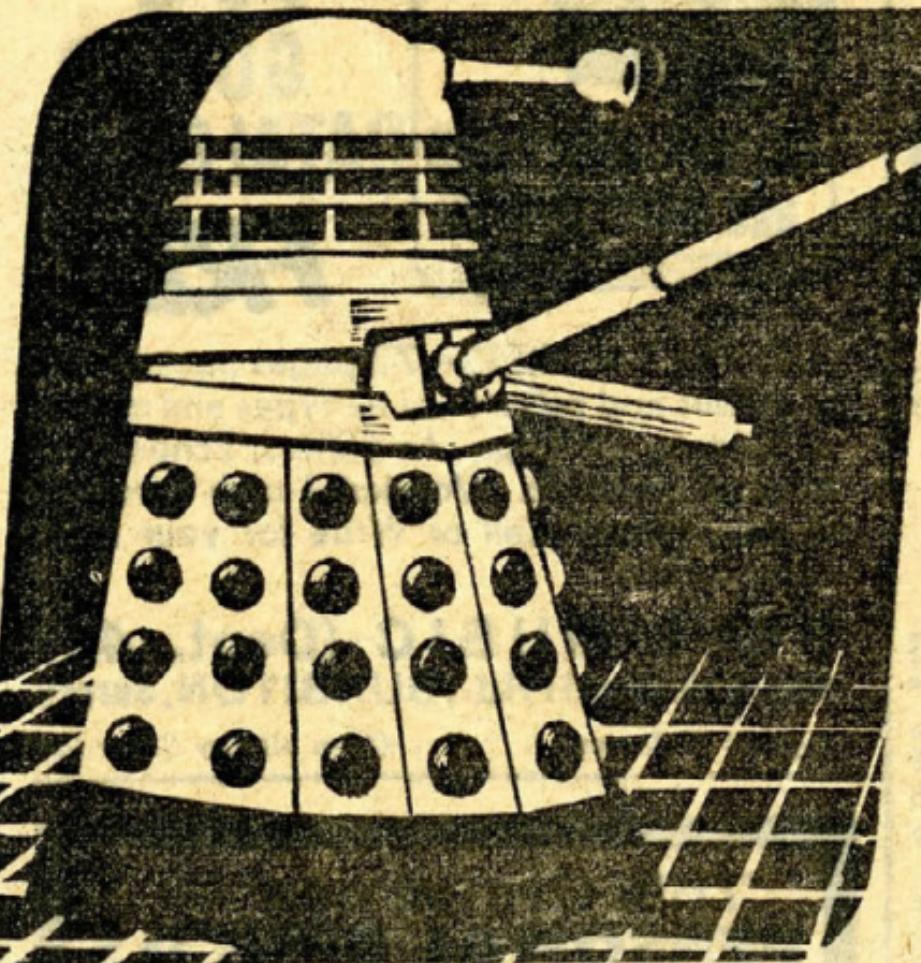
ORIGINAL BROADCAST – 21 November to 26 December 1964

COVER & ARTICLE – Issue Dated 21-27 November 1964

TERRY NATION ARTICLE – Issue Dated 5-11 November 1964

BARBARA IN WONDERLAND – Issue Dated 19-26 December 1964

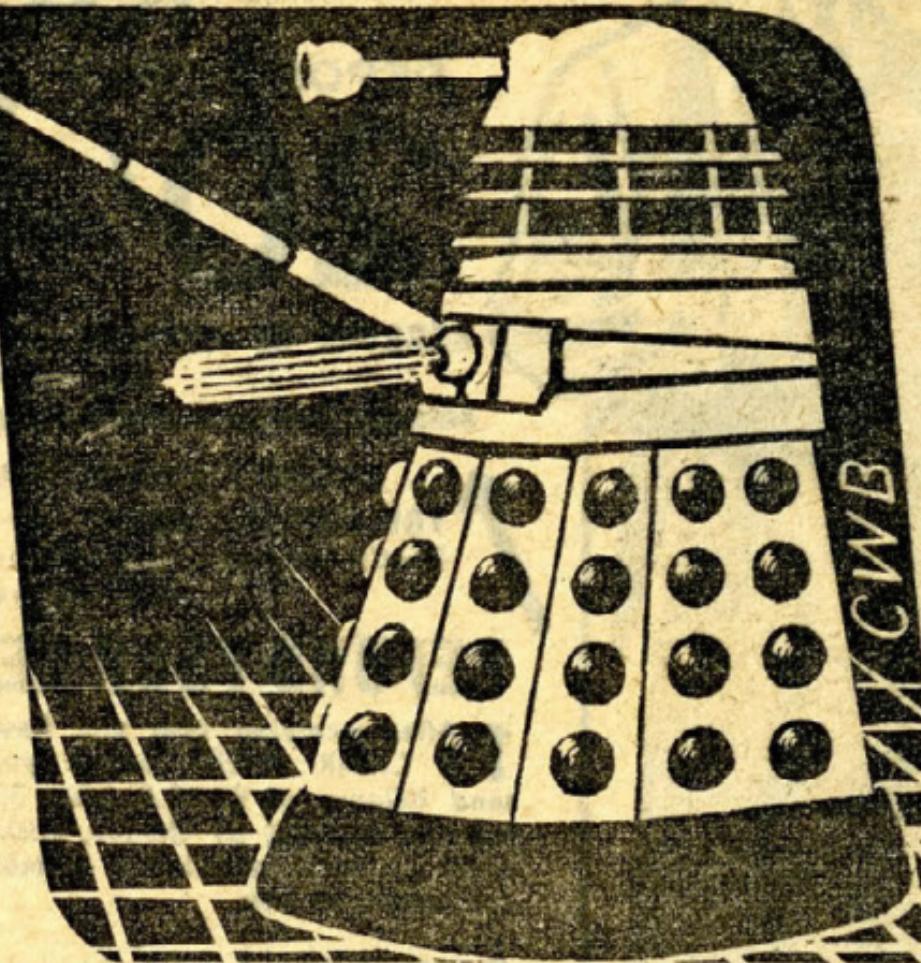
BEAT IN THE NEW – Issue Dated 26 December 1964 to 1 January 1965



1

Dr. Who AND THE **DALEKS**

*In the new adventure
beginning on Saturday the
Doctor comes face to face
again with those familiar
mechanical monsters—
the Daleks*



CWB

NEXT WEEK in Radio Times



The Daleks Return



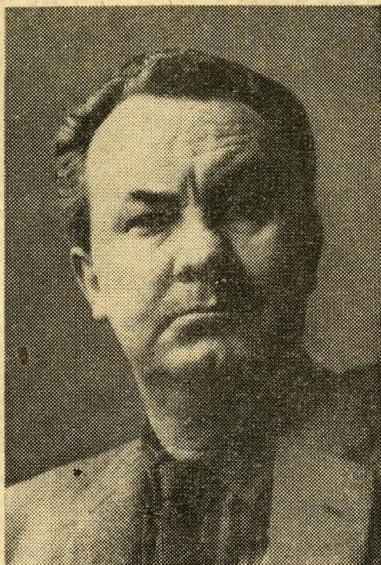
In the *Dr. Who* story beginning on Saturday the space travellers encounter once again the dreaded robot-like beings which they had defeated on another planet, at another time...



McDonald Hobley



is in the chair for the return of *Does The Team Think?* (Sunday, Light)



Leo McKern



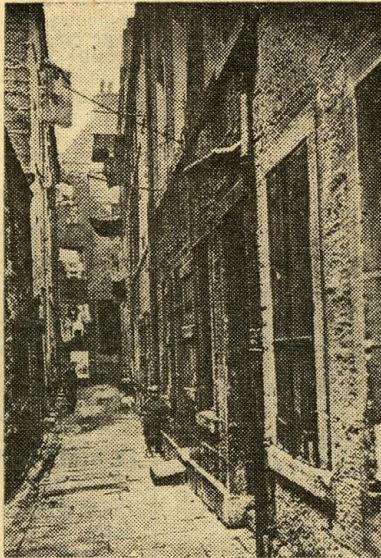
stars with Kathleen Harrison in *Comedy Parade* (Thursday, Light)



Mr. Douglas



The Wednesday Play by John Prebble, which is about Bonnie Prince Charlie in his declining years, has a strong cast including Michael Goodliffe and Claire Nielson



Rape of Utopia



The development of British cities is traced in Tuesday's documentary

Il Trovatore



Carlo Maria Giulini conducts the Covent Garden production (Thursday, Third Programme)

St. Cecilia's Day Concert



The BBC Symphony Orchestra and soloists from the Royal Albert Hall (Tuesday, Home)

Saturday Club



comes from Hamburg where many beat groups started boozing (Light)

Ballroom Dancing



The Golden Awards 1964, for amateurs and professionals, will be televised on Monday

NOVEMBER 21-27

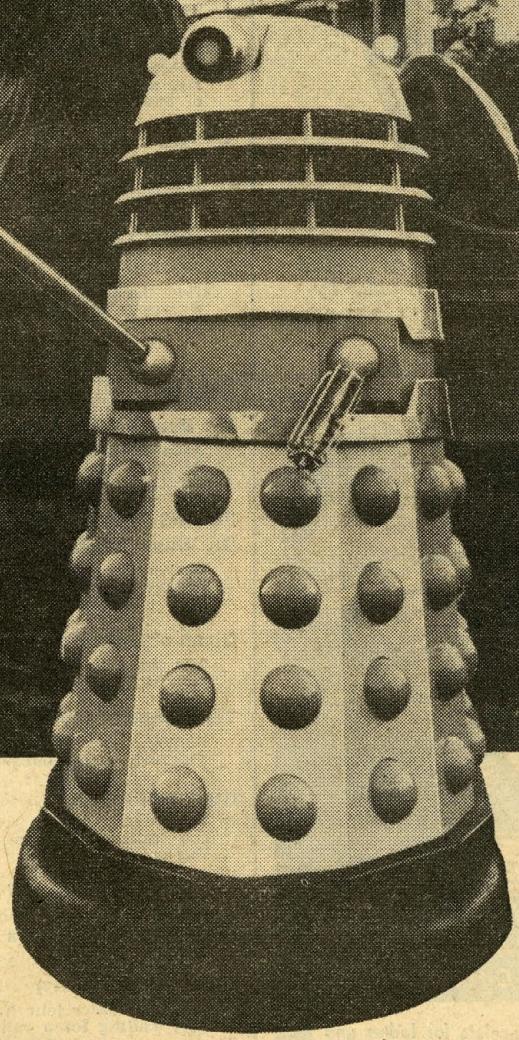
Radio Times

SIXPENCE

NORTH OF ENGLAND EDITION

BBC
tv

Sound



**DR. WHO
AND THE
DALEKS**
SATURDAY TV



Plays

Mr. Douglas (Wednesday)

John Prebble's new play about Bonnie Prince Charlie, which is based on fact, stars Michael Goodliffe

SERIES AND SERIALS

Dr. Who (Saturday)

The space and time travellers have, believe it or not, come to 'World's End'

Dixon of Dock Green (Saturday)

The kindly sergeant in a London station faces more human problems

The Count of Monte Cristo: 8 (Sun.)

Dantès lures his arch enemy, de Villefort, to his house

Kipling (Sunday)

The reaction of a young soldier to the Indian Army is the subject of this episode

Compact (Tuesday and Friday)

David and Tessa become unwilling partners, and Doug finds there's another Mr. Beatty

Z Cars (Wednesday)

Two constables tour Newtown in their car, waiting for a call from B.D.

R.3 (Friday)

Difficulties arise to prevent Dr. Cox from publishing his scientific paper

1

WHIRLING through space and time *Tardis* touches down at the start of today's new *Dr. Who* adventure on dry land where, according to Susan's reading of the instruments, it is 'radiation nil, oxygen normal, pressure normal—an earth reading!'

5.40

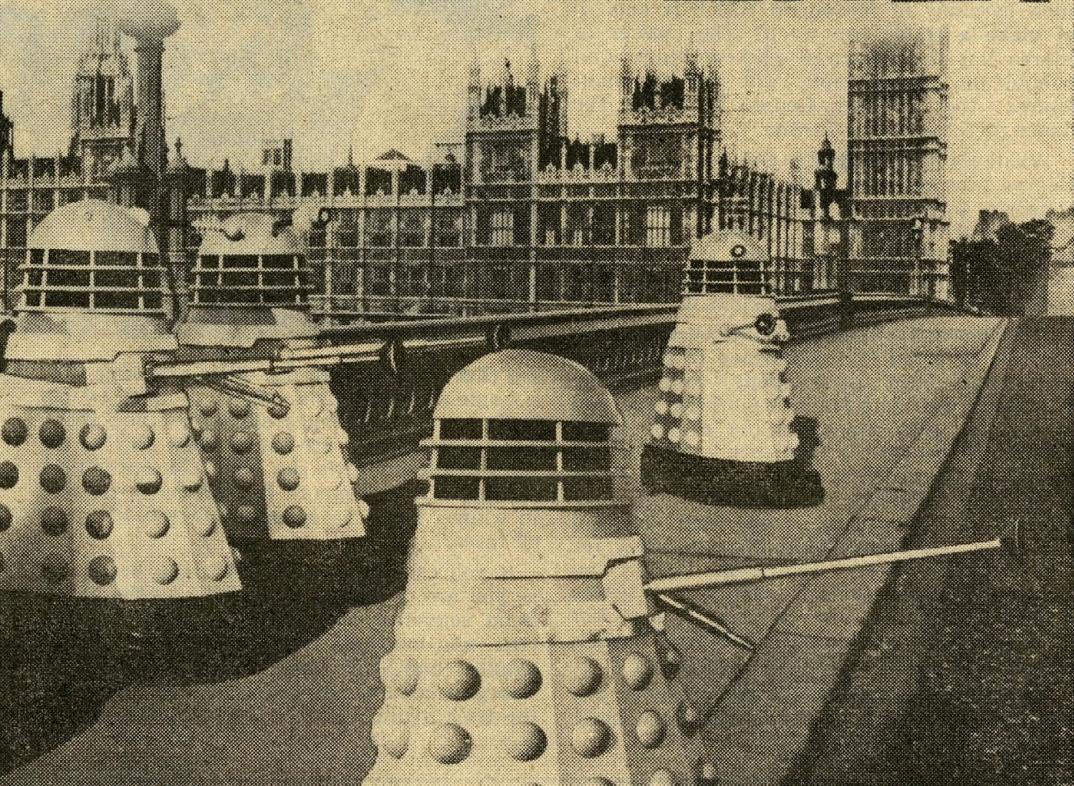
And it is, in fact, London. A menacingly hushed London, with no sign of life and an eerie feeling of decay. Once again the time factor is in doubt, for *Dr. Who* and his companions could have landed in the early 1900s—or the twenty-fifth century. But having discovered where they are, they soon realise *when* they are, for the city is not as empty as it appears to be. Some startling visitors from another planet have also landed on earth, and the travellers find themselves facing antagonists whom they had thought destroyed...

When the Daleks were first introduced on television last spring in a story scripted by **Terry Nation**, they were an instant hit with young viewers, and not a few parents too. Over a thousand letters arrived at the BBC asking whether the squat robots with the tinny voices could be borrowed or bought. Such was the demand that, on *Blue Peter*, instructions were given for making a do-it-yourself Dalek, and two of the original specimens were given to the children of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Currently, the robots are multiplying like rabbits in readiness for Christmas, when Dalek books, badges, sweets, and both small battery-powered and full-size child-powered versions are due in the shops. As far as we can discover these are *not* packed complete with easily assembled Realistic Death Rays ('Super Holiday Fun: Disintegrate Your Dad!'), so parents may rest easy. Although, on the other hand, you-can-ne-ver-tell-what-a-Da-lek-might-get-up-to...

PHILIP BLAKE

THE DALEKS ARE HERE!



BBC-1

5.40

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time

starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and

CAROLE ANN FORD



World's End

by TERRY NATION

Dr. Who.....WILLIAM HARTNELL

Ian Chesterton.....WILLIAM RUSSELL

Barbara Wright..... JACQUELINE HILL

Susan Foreman.....CAROLE ANN FORD

Carl Tyler.....BERNARD KAY

David Campbell.....PETER FRASER

Dortmun.....ALAN JUDD

Robomen.....MARTYN HUNTLEY

PETER BADGER

Dalek operator.....ROBERT JEWELL

An insurgent.....ROBERT ALDOUS

Title music by RON GRAINGER
with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Incidental music composed and
conducted by FRANCIS CHAGRIN

Film cameraman, Peter Hamilton

Film editor, John Griffiths

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, VERITY LAMBERT

† Directed by RICHARD MARTIN

Dr. Who and his party arrive in a
London of the future and meet an old
enemy.

See page 7

Summary of Programmes for

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 28

TELEVISION

9.30-10.30 Stereophony: sound only
12.0 The Science of Man: From Egg to Adult
12.30 Komm Mit! Wir sprechen Deutsch: a course for beginners
12.55 Announcements
1.0 Grandstand
5.15 Juke Box Jury
5.40 Dr. Who: 'The Daleks'
6.5 News and Weather
6.15 Dixon of Dock Green
7.0 Temple Houston: a Western film series
7.50 The Billy Cotton Band Show
8.35 The Rogues: a film series
9.25 The Great War: a twenty-six-part history of the 1914-18 war. Part 7
10.5 News and Sport
10.20 Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life: with David Frost, P. J. Kavanagh, William Rushton
11.5 Weather

Today's Sport

GRANDSTAND 1.0-5.15

Racing AT WORCESTER

Rugby League

LEEDS v. FEATHERSTONE ROVERS

Moto-Cross AT CAERLEON

Gymnastics AT LEICESTER

SPORTS SERVICE 12.30-6.0

In the Third Network (see below), including
SPORTS PARADE and **SPORTS REPORT**



Plays

Malatesta (Wednesday)

Patrick Wymark and Jessica Dunning star in Henry de Montherlant's Renaissance drama

SERIES AND SERIALS

Dr. Who (Saturday)

The Daleks menace civilisation and the space travellers

Dixon of Dock Green (Saturday)

The kindly sergeant has to unravel 'A Web of Lies'

The Count of Monte Cristo: 9

(Sunday)

In this episode there is news from Janina

Kipling (Sunday)

Problems racial and amorous occur in 'Without Benefit of Clergy'

Compact (Tuesday and Friday)

Doug learns the truth at last and David waits for an appointment which will never be kept

Ring Out an Alibi: 2 (Wednesday)

The chimes ring out again as murder calls the tune

Z Cars (Wednesday)

The witnesses disagree and Watt settles for the most likely suspect

R.3 (Friday)

Affairs at the research centre are 'On the Spike'

FOR THE DEAF

Synopses are now available for these forthcoming TV plays: for adults, Kipling—' The Bronckhorst Divorce Case ' (December 6); Z Cars—' Bring Back the Cat ' (December 16) and ' First Foot ' (December 30); and for children, ' The Count of Monte Cristo,' parts 10-12 (December 6, 13, and 20); ' Dr. Who and the Rescue ' (January 2 and 9); Tales from Europe—' The Boy and the Pelican ' (December 10 and 17). Write to the R.N.I.D., 105 Gower Street, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope PLAYS.

BBC-1

5.40

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time

starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and

CAROLE ANN FORD

★

The Daleks

by TERRY NATION

Dr. Who.....	WILLIAM HARTNELL
Ian Chesterton.....	WILLIAM RUSSELL
Barbara Wright.....	JACQUELINE HILL
Susan Foreman.....	CAROLE ANN FORD
Robomen.....	MARTYN HUNTLEY PETER BADGER

Dalek machines operated by

ROBERT JEWELL, GERALD TAYLOR
NICK EVANS, KEVIN MANSER
PETER MURPHY

Dalek voices.....	PETER HAWKINS DAVID GRAHAM
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Dortmun.....	ALAN JUDD
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Carl Tyler.....	BERNARD KAY
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Jenny.....	ANN DAVIES
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David Campbell.....	PETER FRASER
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Craddock.....	MICHAEL GOLDIE
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Thomson.....	MICHAEL DAVIS
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Baker.....	RICHARD MCNEFF
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Title music by RON GRAINER
with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Incidental music composed and
conducted by FRANCIS CHAGRIN

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, VERITY LAMBERT

† Directed by RICHARD MARTIN

The Doctor and Ian are captured.
Susan and Barbara lead an attack.

Summary of Programmes for

SATURDAY

DECEMBER 5

TELEVISION

- 11.45 The Science of Man: From Egg to Adult
- 12.15 Komm Mit! Wir sprechen Deutsch: a course for beginners
- 12.40 Announcements
- 12.45 Grandstand
- 5.15 Juke Box Jury
- 5.40 Dr. Who: 'Day of Reckoning'
- 6.5 News and Weather
- 6.15 Dixon of Dock Green
- 7.0 Temple Houston: a Western film
- 7.50 The Good Old Days: Old-Time Music-Hall from the Famous City Varieties, Leeds
- 8.40 The Rogues: a film series
- 9.30 The Great War: a twenty-six-part history of the 1914-18 war: Part 8
- 10.10 News and Sport
- 10.25 Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life: with David Frost, P. J. Kavanagh, and William Rushton
- 11.10 Weather

Today's Sport

GRANDSTAND 12.45-5.15

Racing AT NEWBURY

Autopoint FROM HAMPSHIRE

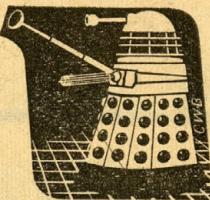
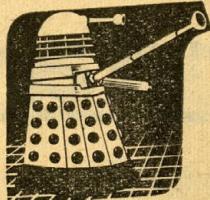
Ice Hockey AT WEMBLEY POOL
England v. France

Amateur Boxing
FROM BISHOP AUCKLAND

SPORTS SERVICE 12.30-6.0

In the Third Network (see below), including
SPORTS PARADE and **SPORTS REPORT**

DR. WHO



As the Daleks threaten life on Earth, here—in an interview with the scriptwriter Terry Nation—are some facts about their history

1

5.40 At the end of last week's episode, the unfortunate Dr. Who was left in a classic cliffhanger situation—stretched on an operating table in the Robotzer chamber of a flying saucer parked in Trafalgar Square, and on the point of being turned into a Roboman by the Daleks.

It seems rather hard on the good Doctor, especially since he went to so much trouble to liquidate the Daleks when he first ran foul of them in the serial which was shown last spring. But that's the way it goes in science fiction. In that story the Doctor and his companions had landed on the planet Skaro a million years in the future, reckoned in Earth time, and in this serial they have simply travelled back through time to 2164, when the Daleks are roughly at the middle point of their history.

The background of these invaders from outer space is a strange one. Originally, so writer Terry Nation tells us—at least a million years ago by our time—there were two races on Skaro, living on separate continents. They made war with atomic weapons, and the survivors suffered various mutations. One group, the Thals, eventually became humanoids, looking like human beings. The other group, who went underground to protect themselves from radiation, went through a series of physical changes which made it necessary for them to develop mechanisms in which to transport themselves. Thus a Dalek as we see it is simply a travel machine, while inside, watching us through the eye-stick . . . well, that's another story. Let's just say that it has a high

level of intelligence, and that in this new serial it takes orders from a jet-black version of its own species, the Dalek Supreme, which is in charge of the invasion of Earth.

An evil-looking thing—but, says Nation, 'that is the essence of the Daleks. They are utterly brutal, totally without moral responsibility. They cannot distinguish between good and evil.'

Again, some viewers will doubtless remember that when they first met the Daleks a million years ahead on Skaro, these were unable to move beyond the limits of their underground city because their travel machines were powered by static electricity drawn from the city's metal floors. How is it, then, that in the year 2164 they are apparently able to glide around London at will? Equally simple: this generation of invading Daleks is equipped for Earth travel with special discs through which they draw in and store energy.

As Terry Nation says: 'The wonderful thing about science fiction is that if the author says a thing is so, then nobody can deny it. When someone complains "But that can't happen," I reply "Oh, yes, it can. I made Skaro and the Daleks, and I know it can happen".'

Which, of course, is the perfect answer should anyone be rash enough to query the feasibility of the scheme the Daleks are hatching in Bedfordshire, where slaves brought from all over Britain are working on some gigantic mining operation with a purpose as sinister as only a Dalek could devise.

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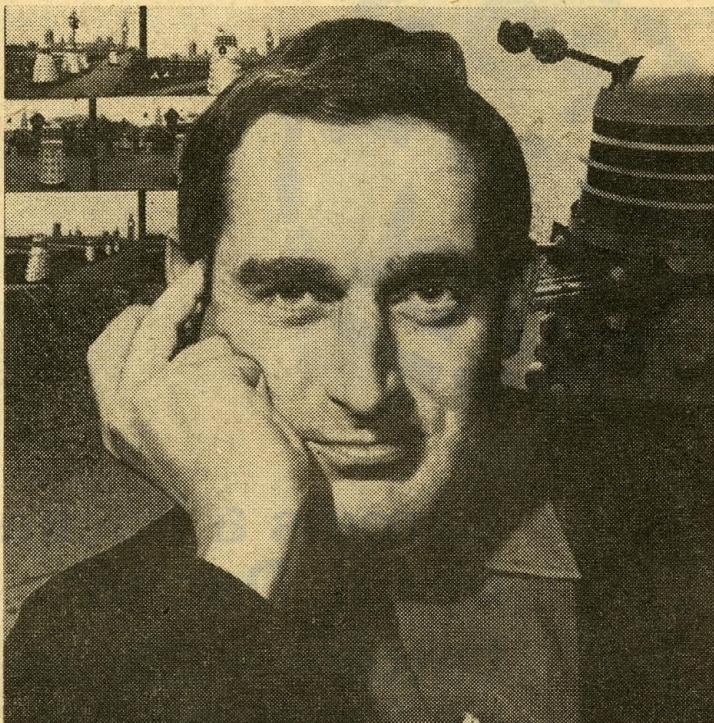
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Plays

Parade's End: 1 (*Sunday, BBC-2*)

'Some Do Not' is the title of the first part of this Ford Madox Ford trilogy

The July Plot (*Wednesday, BBC-1*)

An exciting drama about one of the attempts to assassinate Hitler

A Day By The Sea (*Thursday, BBC-2*)

Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies stars in this N. C. Hunter hit

SERIES AND SERIALS

Dr. Who (*Saturday, BBC-1*)

The 'Day of Reckoning' between the Daleks and the space travellers has arrived

Dixon of Dock Green

(*Saturday, BBC-1*)

A fire-raiser is at work in Dock Green

Esther Waters: 4 (*Saturday, BBC-2*)

Esther and William are now happily running the King's Head, but they have problems in store (*repeated on Wednesday*)

The Count of Monte Cristo: 10

(*Sunday, BBC-1*)

The fabulous wealth and brilliance of Dantès continue to astonish Paris

Kipling (*Sunday, BBC-1*)

Stevens and Lockwood feel the reverberations of the 'Bronckhorst Divorce Case'

Melissa: 1 (*Monday, BBC-2*)

A second showing of the Francis Durbridge serial which stars Tony Britton, Petra Davies, and Brian Wilde (*repeated on Friday*)

Compact (*Tuesday and Friday, BBC-1*)

Alan and Tessa find a solution to their problem and Camilla comes to a firm decision

Ring Out An Alibi: 3

(*Wednesday, BBC-1*)

Enoch Probert conducts an interesting experiment in the Bell Tower

Z Cars (*Wednesday, BBC-1*)

A street becomes a battle ground, and Sgt. Blackitt has to go back to school

R.3 (*Friday, BBC-1*)

Dr. Frank Hillman wants to give up his post and join R.3. As a scientist —why shouldn't he?

BBC-1

5.40

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time

starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and **CAROLE ANN FORD**

Day of Reckoning

by **TERRY NATION**

Dr. Who..... **WILLIAM HARTNELL**

Ian Chesterton..... **WILLIAM RUSSELL**

Barbara Wright..... **JACQUELINE HILL**

Susan Foreman..... **CAROLE ANN FORD**

Dortmun..... **ALAN JUDD**

Robomen

..... **MARTYN HUNTLEY, PETER BADGER**

Baker..... **RICHARD MCNEFF**

Carl Tyler..... **BERNARD KAY**

Dalek voices

..... **PETER HAWKINS, DAVID GRAHAM**

Dalek machines operated by

..... **ROBERT JEWELL, GERALD TAYLOR**

..... **NICK EVANS, KEVIN MANSER**

..... **PETER MURPHY**

David Campbell..... **PETER FRASER**

Jenny..... **ANN DAVIES**

Craddock..... **MICHAEL GOLDIE**

Larry Madison..... **GRAHAM RIGBY**

Title music by **Ron GRAINER**

with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

In incidental music composed and
conducted by **FRANCIS CHAGRIN**

Film cameraman, Peter Hamilton

Film editor, John Griffiths

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, **VERITY LAMBERT**

† Directed by **RICHARD MARTIN**

See page 9

Summary of Programmes for

SATURDAY

DECEMBER 12

Today's Sport

GRANDSTAND 12.45-5.5

Racing AT CHELTENHAM

Swimming AT HAMPSTEAD
NORTH-EAST v. SOUTH OF ENGLAND

Table Tennis AT TOTTENHAM
ENGLAND v. HUNGARY

Ice Hockey IN PARIS
FRANCE v. GREAT BRITAIN

SPORTS SERVICE 12.30-6.0

in the Third Network

TELEVISION

- 12.35 Scottish Newsreel
- 12.40 Announcements
- 12.45 Grandstand
- 5.5 Sport from Scotland
- 5.15 Juke Box Jury
- 5.40 Dr. Who
- 6.5 News and Weather
- 6.15 Dixon of Dock Green
- 7.0 Temple Houston: a Western film
- 7.50 Black and White Minstrel Show
- 8.35 The Dick Van Dyke Show
- 9.0 Sportsreel from Scotland
- 9.25 The Great War. Part 9
- 10.5 News and Sport
- 10.15 Labour Party Conference
- 10.30 Not So Much a Programme.
More a Way of Life
- 11.15 Weather

HOME: Scottish

- 6.50 Lift Up Your Hearts
- 6.55 Weather. 7.0 The News
- 7.10 Scottish News
- 7.15 From Our Own Correspondent
- 7.45 Today's Papers
- 7.50 Lift Up Your Hearts
- 7.55 Weather. 8.0 The News
- 8.10 Scottish News
- 8.15 From Our Own Correspondent
- 8.45 Today's Papers
- 8.50 Yesterday in Parliament
- 9.0 The News
- 9.10 The Weekly World: a survey
- 9.30 In Your Garden
- 10.0 Science Survey: 'Where have all the whales gone?' by John Gulland
- 10.15 Daily Service
- 10.30 Study Session: Talking Italian.
10.55 Introduction to Russian. 11.20
Shorthand Dictation Practice. 11.40
Spanish for beginners
- 12.0 Motoring and the Motorist
- 12.30 In Town Today
- 12.55 Weather. 1.0 The News
- 1.10 Play It Cool: with Ian Carmichael, Joan Sims, Hugh Paddick, Rosemary Squires
- 1.40 Desert Island Discs: George Malcolm, musician
- 2.15 Afternoon Theatre: 'The Fire' by David Spenser
- 3.15 Gale Pedrick's Pick of the Week
- 4.0 Interlude. Association Football
- 4.45 Laurence Glover; BBC Scottish Variety Orchestra
- 5.25 'The Great Gordini': play by Michael Elder
- 5.45 'The Great Houdini': talk by Johnny Geddes

5.40

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time
starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and **CAROLE ANN FORD**



The End of Tomorrow

by **TERRY NATION**

Dr. Who..... **WILLIAM HARTNELL**

Ian Chesterton..... **WILLIAM RUSSELL**

Barbara Wright..... **JACQUELINE HILL**

Susan Foreman..... **CAROLE ANN FORD**

David Campbell..... **PETER FRASER**

Jenny..... **ANN DAVIES**

Larry Madison..... **GRAHAM RIGBY**

Wells..... **NICHOLAS SMITH**

Robomen..... **MARTYN HUNTLEY, PETER BADGER**

Dortmun..... **ALAN JUDD**

Dalek machines operated by

ROBERT JEWELL, GERALD TAYLOR

KEVIN MANSER, PETER MURPHY

Dalek voices

PETER HAWKINS, DAVID GRAHAM

Carl Tyler..... **BERNARD KAY**

Slyther operator..... **NICK EVANS**

Ashton..... **PATRICK O'CONNELL**

Title music by RON GRAINER
with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Incidental music composed and
conducted by **FRANCIS CHAGRIN**

Film cameraman, Peter Hamilton

Film editor, John Griffiths

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, VERITY LAMBERT

Directed by RICHARD MARTIN

The Daleks have turned Bedfordshire
into a gigantic mine. Why?

Radio Times Christmas Number



Barbara has tea with the Daleks—from the Christmas colour supplement

NEXT WEEK...

*Full details of
eight days
of star-studded
programmes
on Television
and Radio*

and also

**BARBARA IN
WONDERLAND**

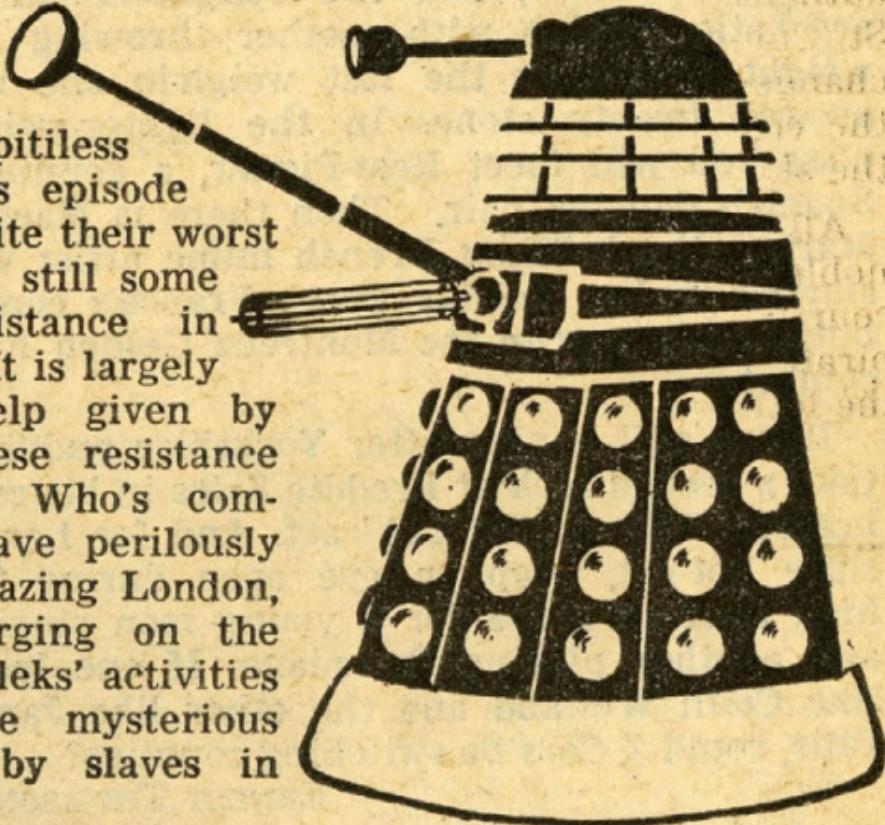
*a special
eight-page colour
supplement which
takes you on a
fantastic journey
into the world
of television*

Dr. Who and the Daleks

1

5.55

THE Daleks still hold twenty-second-century Britain in their pitiless grasp as today's episode opens. But despite their worst efforts there are still some sparks of resistance in scattered areas. It is largely through the help given by members of these resistance bands that Dr. Who's companions, who have perilously escaped from blazing London, are now converging on the centre of the Daleks' activities in England—the mysterious mines worked by slaves in Bedfordshire.



5.40

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time
starring

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WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and

CAROLE ANN FORD

★

The Waking Ally

by TERRY NATION

Dr. Who.....	WILLIAM HARTNELL
Ian Chesterton.....	WILLIAM RUSSELL
Barbara Wright.....	JACQUELINE HILL
Susan Foreman.....	CAROLE ANN FORD
Slyther operator.....	NICK EVANS
Larry Madison.....	GRAHAM RIGBY
David Campbell.....	PETER FRASER
Carl Tyler.....	BERNARD KAY
Robomen	

MARTYN HUNTLEY, PETER BADGER

The women in the wood

JEAN CONROY, MERIEL HOBSON

Jenny..... ANN DAVIES

Wells..... NICHOLAS SMITH

Dalek voices

PETER HAWKINS, DAVID GRAHAM

Dalek machines operated by

ROBERT JEWELL, GERALD TAYLOR

NICK EVANS, KEVIN MANSER

PETER MURPHY

Fights arranged by Peter Diamond

Title music by RON GRAINER

with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Incidental music composed and
conducted by FRANCIS CHAGRIN

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, VERITY LAMBERT

† Directed by RICHARD MARTIN

The reason the Daleks are here is
discovered. The travellers prepare
for the final battle.

5.55

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An adventure in space and time

starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and

CAROLE ANN FORD



Flashpoint

by **TERRY NATION**

Dr. Who..... **WILLIAM HARTNELL**

Ian Chesterton..... **WILLIAM RUSSELL**

Barbara Wright..... **JACQUELINE HILL**

Susan Foreman..... **CAROLE ANN FORD**

Dalek voices

PETER HAWKINS, DAVID GRAHAM

Dalek machines operated by

ROBERT JEWELL, GERALD TAYLOR

NICK EVANS, PETER MURPHY

Robomen

MARTYN HUNTLEY, PETER BADGER

David Campbell..... **PETER FRASER**

Carl Tyler..... **BERNARD KAY**

Jenny..... **ANN DAVIES**

Wells..... **NICHOLAS SMITH**

Title music by **RON GRAINER**

with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop

Incidental music composed and
conducted by **FRANCIS CHAGRIN**

Film cameraman, Peter Hamilton

Film editor, John Griffiths

Costumes supervised by Daphne Dare

Make-up supervised by
Sonia Markham

Lighting, Howard King

Sound, Jack Brummitt

Story editor, David Whitaker

Designer, Spencer Chapman

Associate producer, Mervyn Pinfield

Producer, **VERITY LAMBERT**

Directed by **RICHARD MARTIN**

See page 56

BBC TV Centre
Complimentary ticket, not for sale.
Admit One
Television Centre
Wood Lane
London W12

The Beat Room

Doors open 7.0 pm
No admittance after 7.15 pm

EXCEPT FOR REMOVAL
OF SCENERY THIS DOOR
IS TO BE KEPT SHUT

**Barbara
in
WONDERLAND**

'AH YES,' said the Commissionaire, with the satisfied smile of a man who had learnt to tell a *Juke Box Jury* from an *International Concert Hall* at a hundred yards. 'You're a BBC-2 Beat Room.' Barbara looked up at the building that towered like a space-age citadel above her, and tried to sound nonchalant. 'I have a ticket,' she said, fumbling for it in her otherwise empty green sling-bag. It might easily have been an airline ticket for a flight round the world—a trip to the moon . . . 'Of course, of course,' said the Commissionaire rapidly, leaning to one side as if already looking for some more interesting customer. 'It's over there. Through that door, straight on, and follow your ears.'

Barbara had never been to the building before. It had hitherto been just an idea, a kind of floating cloud always beyond the horizon, full of faces and noises, of names and titles, the home of the watching, waiting, smiling, frowning, playing, laughing, wraith-pale figures of the unreal daily world who lived in a crackling blue light in the walnut box in the living room. Somehow she had never expected the bricks to be bricks, and the glass to be glass; or the doors in the corridor to open and shut if you pushed and pulled. Somehow she had never expected the clocks to be right or notices to be pinned on boards, or fire buckets full of sand and cigarette ends to lie around in passages . . . For a moment she stood and tried to recollect her thoughts. There were no signs saying 'The Beat Room': nothing or no one to suggest that if you opened any one of the countless doors you wouldn't find *Panorama* hard at it, or even *Gardening Club* getting ready.

'I'll have to be careful,' she thought, imagining the

fury she'd cause if she walked unthinking into the middle of the football results, or a *Black and White Minstrel Show*. And then, suddenly, she saw ahead of her what at first seemed to be a huge metal wall, but from behind which she could just pick out the thump and beat, the yeah-yeah and yay-yay that spelt Beat Room. Nervously, she pushed open the door: an inch or two at first—then more until she could see clearly into the studio. She held her breath. The floor was alive with people; the ceiling was burning with hot, white lights, the cameras moving in and about the dancers, like interfering busy-bodies anxious to spoil the fun; but—most surprising of all—the studio was bright with colour. This couldn't be the place, she decided. This couldn't be the Beat Room—that was always just grey and—

'Over here,' said a sharp voice from nowhere. 'You, with the white socks and the green bag—over here by the bar . . .' A hand reached out from the crowd and pulled



her arm. 'Get a move on,' said another voice, as she felt herself dragged towards the other side of the room.

'Hold it everyone.' 'Quiet please.' 'Steady in the studio—quite quiet please—O.K.'

Barbara looked warily about her. Everyone else seemed to know what they were supposed to be doing—where they were supposed to be.

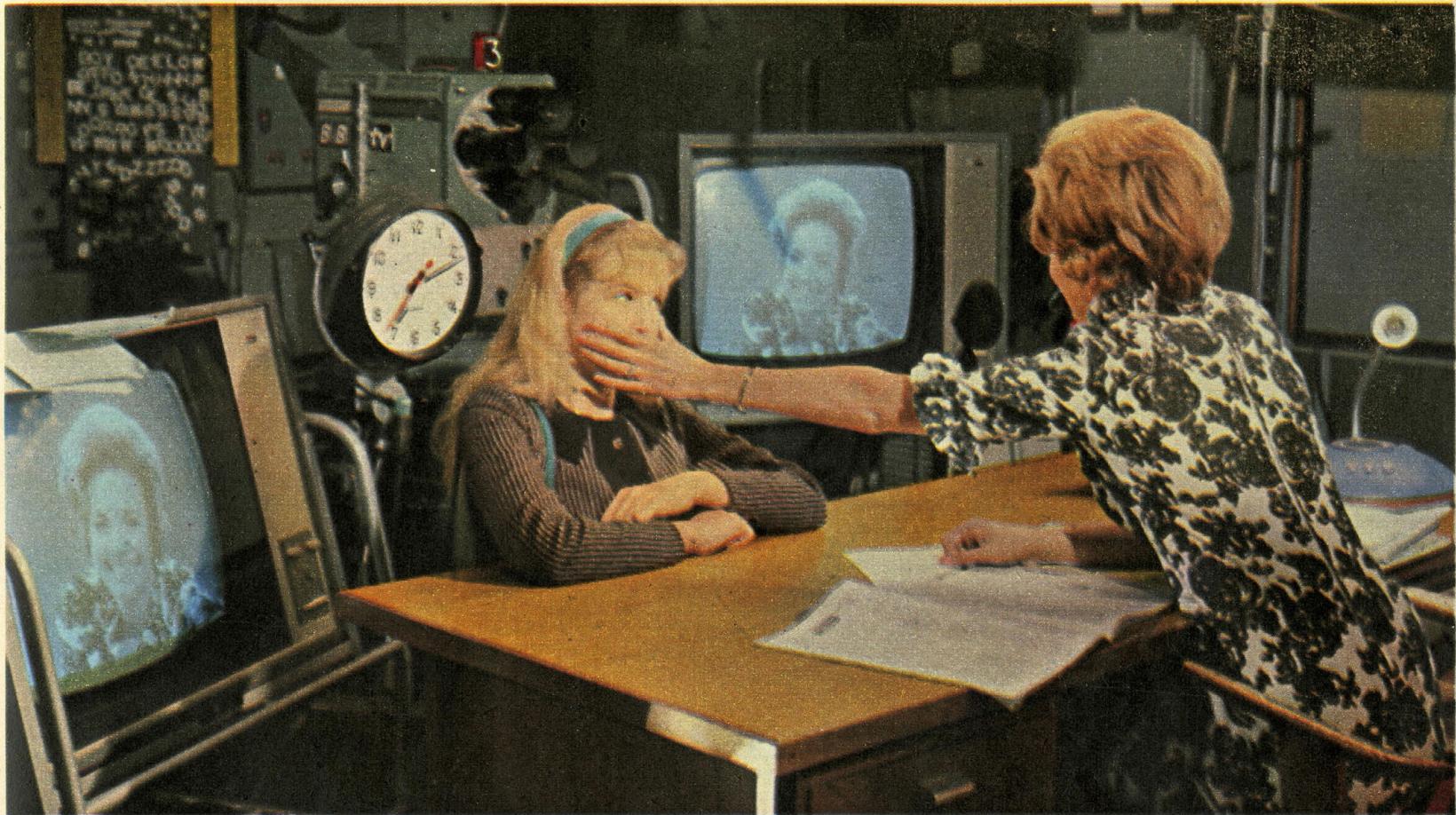
'Quite quiet. We'll run through Ziggy Ziggy,' said the voice. 'And plenty of life—get the mood, kids!' The group at one end of the studio began to play. The dancers spilled once more across the studio. The cameras zoomed in and out, up and down, swooping like prehistoric long-necked monsters to pry and probe the slowly shaking human victims on the floor. 'I suppose,' reflected Barbara as she sat down at one of the tables and tried to hide herself in the middle of a crowd, 'I can come to no harm if I just sit still.'

And then she saw it. The great grey animal had turned on her, with four glassy eyes staring, moving slowly in at her, leaning back on its pedestal as if to spring. Above it, on its head, a red light flickered on. At the same time,

'You with the white socks and the green bag—over here by the bar . . .'

**'I suppose,' reflected Barbara,
'I can come to no harm if I
just sit still'**

**She clambered hurriedly up
the one ladder leading out
of the studios**



as if the monster had lifted her up, chopped her into countless pieces, she saw her face on the monitor screens scattered about the studio—on all of them, all the same, a bewildering image of mirrors, all reflecting her.

Fascinated she stared at herself, afraid to move lest the images departed. Stared—and stared until she was aware of nothing else about her; mesmerised.

'On television—I'm on television—television—'

How long she gazed into the camera Barbara did not know. Nor could she hear the producer in the gallery calling to his floor manager: 'That girl. That blonde in

shot now—can she dance? Find out. I could use her.'

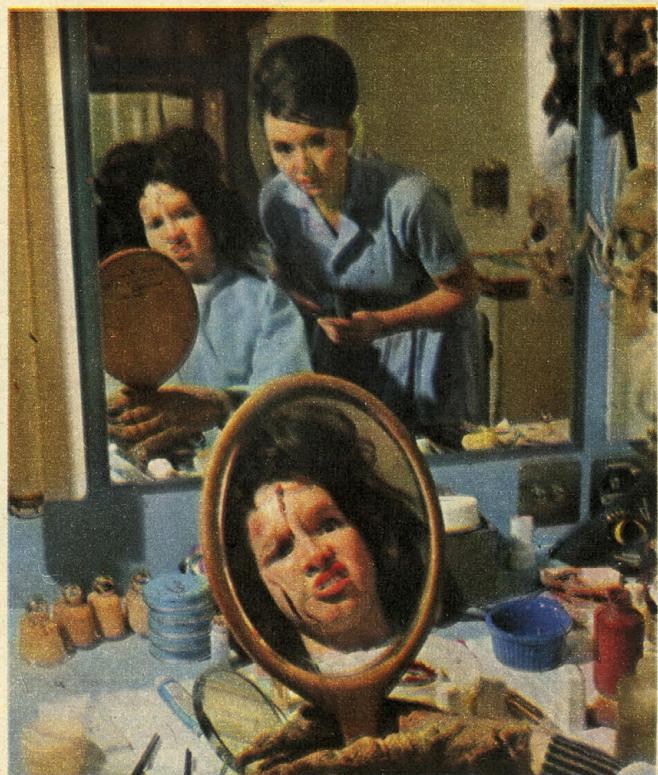
Barbara came out of her reverie to find herself being taken aside by a man sprouting earphones—'You can? You do dance? What name? Barbara? O.K. Babs—we'll call you Babs—over to Wardrobe and Make-up and get fitted out—quick—off you go.'

Barbara shook her head. 'You mean . . .' she began protesting. 'Hurry up. That way,' he interrupted. 'Up the stairs.'

She clambered hurriedly up the iron ladder leading out of the studio. 'Wardrobe and Make-up,' she repeated

. . . and clamping her hand firmly over Barbara's mouth, continued . . .

Wardrobe and Make-up, Moredrobe and Wake-up, Wardup and Make-drobe . . .





'Doin' a bolt from home then are you?'



'Now,' said Barlow, 'what's all this about then?'

'You'll have to turn left over there, past the statue of Richard Dimbleby'



dully. 'Wardrobe and Make-up.' She seemed to be climbing endlessly, the metal steps of the ladder echoing under her feet. 'Wardrobe and Make-up, Moredrobe and Wake-up, Wardup and Makedrobe—' Ahead of her at last lay a corridor, with a large door at the end. Lights shone red and blue in the ceiling, and the word 'Transmission' seemed to suggest that at least someone might be inside who could help her to find her way.

The room she went into was much smaller than the other studio, and she recognised in a moment one of the announcers she had often seen announcing the evening programmes.

'Excuse me,' said Barbara walking across to her and kneeling at the table. The announcer's smile flickered for a moment, as if it were about to desert her altogether; but she recovered, and clamping her hand firmly over Barbara's mouth, continued without any loss of composure — and that will be followed at 9.15 by the main news . . . with any luck and small blonde girls permitting,' she added under her breath. Barbara jumped to her feet and fled blindly out into the corridor, into a lift which plummeted her down into what seemed like the depths of the earth.

'This way,' said a girl in a neat blue coat. 'You're the accident girl, aren't you?'

'No,' said Barbara, 'not that I know of. I'm supposed to be dancing in the Beat Room.'

'Beat up,' said the girl, pushing her into a chair and dabbing her face with what looked like blood.

'Please, it's a mistake,' said Barbara miserably. 'I want Wardrobe and . . .'

'Wardrobe? Why didn't you say so? Here, wipe all that off your face with this towel. You do look a mess.' Barbara was ushered into another room full of hats and dresses and a strong sense of the past. 'Ah yes,' said the woman who seemed to be in charge, 'Children of the New Forest, The Count of Monte Cristo, or a Doctor Finlay's Casebook repeat? On with your head.' So saying she pulled a large hat down almost over Barbara's eyes.

'I'm sorry,' said Barbara. 'I think I'm supposed to be a dancer.'

'We have the very thing,' said Wardrobe reaching for some fans, 'a nice line in—'

But Barbara was no longer listening. Her dream of becoming a dancer on television seemed to be slipping out of reach. There must be someone, somewhere, she thought, as she ran faster and faster away, someone who could help her sort out the muddle. 'I scarcely know what I'm doing any longer, or where I'm going . . .'

'You all right then luv?' Still running headlong away from what she no longer understood, Barbara felt herself lifted bodily off the ground.

'Doin' a bolt from home then, are you?'

She opened her eyes to find herself held by two policemen—two—surely they were familiar—two—yes—

'All right, lass,' said Fancy kindly. 'You come along with us. We'll get you sorted out like.'

'But,' she began, 'I just wanted . . .'

'That's fine, sweetheart,' said Jock. 'We'll not bite your head off. Just a few questions, you know.'

'You know,' said Fancy, 'like, well, you know the sort of thing.'

'Ay,' said Jock, 'just a few questions.'

They carried her bodily into the police station, just as she'd always seen it—with Sergeant Blackett leaning on the desk.

'I've done nothing wrong,' she protested. 'Honestly.'

'That's all right,' said Blackett. 'We'll get it straightened out in a minute, won't we lads?'

'Oh ay,' said Fancy. 'Oh ay,' said Jock. 'Oh 'eck,' said Blackett as the door swung open and Barlow with Sergeant Watt, appeared.

'Bring her in then, Smith. Don't just stand there,' he barked.

A nervous Barbara was taken into the office.

'Now,' said Barlow, leaning over her, and making it clear that he was in no mood for nonsense. 'What's all this about then?'

Barbara took a deep breath. 'Would you tell me please,' she said, 'which way I ought to go from here?'

Barlow exchanged a knowing glance with Watt. 'That depends a good deal,' he said, 'on where you want to get to.'

'I don't much care where,' said Barbara.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said Barlow triumphantly.

'So long as it's back,' said Barbara desperately.

'Back, eh?'

Sergeant Watt seemed for a moment to take pity on her. 'Are you from the other lot then, like? You know—Dixon?'

'No,' said Barbara firmly. 'I'm supposed to be dancing in the *Beat Room*, and it's almost time already. Please, please—'

'Come on then,' said Barlow. 'If you're not going to cough, we'll not keep you. I'll get one of the boys to run you home on a Z Trolley outside.'

'Z Trolleys?' she asked. 'Surely you mean Cars?' Barlow looked at Watt and Watt looked at Barbara.

'Take her outside,' said Barlow gruffly, 'and put her on her way.'

Outside in the fresh air Barbara felt suddenly better. She had begun to feel faint and tired, even desperate as she imagined the man who sprouted earphones back in the *Beat Room* storming about the studio, looking for her. But the trolley she was on didn't seem very safe.

'You'll have to turn left over there past the statue of Richard Dimbleby,' said one of the uniformed men who had accompanied her out of the police station, 'if you want to get back safely.'

'Where to?' asked Barbara. 'Back to where?'

The man shrugged. 'You youngsters are all alike,' he said. 'You want everything on a plate. Never think for yourselves.'

The trolley jerked forward, nearly throwing her off, but Barbara managed to save herself. 'This really is a curious business,' she said to herself as she went circling first round the outside of the building, and then, as if drawn towards it by some kind of suction, through a small dark door into yet another small, dark room.

At one end she could see a large map with lines drawn across and round it in no proper pattern: rather, she thought, as if someone had been doodling with nothing better to do. At least, she reflected as she wandered over to the chart and picked up a thick, black pen, it's quieter and calmer in here than anywhere I've been so far. Perhaps if I just stay here, and pass the time I'll be found and returned. At least, she mused, drawing happily across the map, I'm doing no damage . . .

It was some time before she became aware that she was once again no longer alone; and the voice, when it came, startled her.

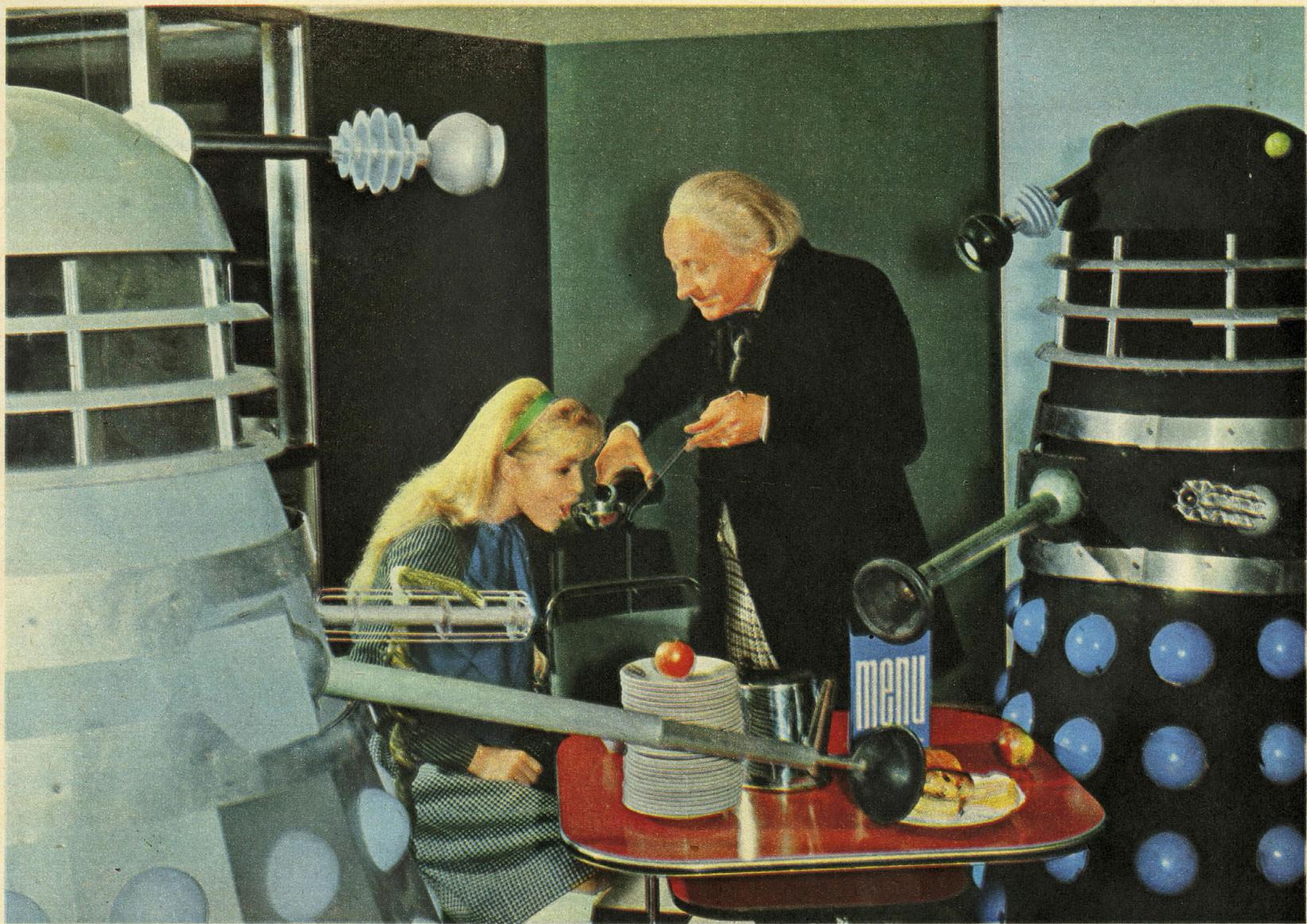
'Exactly what,' it said, 'do you think you're doing with my depression?'

For a moment she sat transfixed with fear. The voice and the face were familiar and the realisation of where she was and what she had done lowered her temperature almost perceptibly, both Centigrade and Fahrenheit.



'Exactly what do you think you're doing with my depression?'





'He's got slight indigestion,' said Dr. Who, 'you'll probably get it yourself. Now open your mouth'

'I beg your pardon, Weatherman. I'd no idea . . .' she stammered, feeling a ridge of high pressure tightening round her head—

'And what is more,' he added loftily, 'you've created an impossible anticyclonic condition that may well deteriorate—'

'I'm sorry, but—'

'I shouldn't be surprised,' he added thoughtfully, 'if you haven't built up a Force 6 or 7 outside that may back during the night and give rise to even stronger winds in the morning.'

'I hope not,' said Barbara. 'I mean, is there anything I can do to stop it happening?'

The Weatherman shook his head. 'You'll be lucky,' he said gloomily, 'if you don't fall to well below freezing before midnight, especially if you're up on the roof of the Weather Centre.'

Barbara crept slowly away, shivering a little, and to her alarm found outside a gale of weather symbols blowing and buffeting her as she struggled to get away from the chaos she had caused.

For the first time since arriving at the Television Centre she began to feel hungry. 'That's funny,' she thought, as she pushed against the wind, 'I can't remember how long I've been here—an hour, a day, a week, a month—or even a year. I've got a kind of time-ache, like other people get head-aches.'

'In that case, my dear,' said a voice from close behind her, 'you'd better come and have a cup of canteen tea.'

'Dr. Who,' said Barbara, recognising him instantly. 'Who did you get here?' She began to correct herself, but he tapped the side of his nose and winked. 'By car,' he said confidentially. 'In spite of what people think, that police box is hopeless in traffic. After you, my dear.'



An antique shop cluttered with meaningless bric-a-brac

He ushered her through a swing door into a large restaurant where every table seemed to be occupied. 'This way,' said the Doctor, taking her gently by the arm, and leading her now towards the side of the room, where for the first time Barbara saw Dr. Who's guests. Instinctively she drew back, but he patted her arm reassuringly.

'They're quite harmless,' he said. 'You've nothing to fear, so long as you don't make personal remarks.'

'I wouldn't think of it,' said Barbara, wondering what sort of personal remarks she could make about a Dalek even if she wanted to.

'Please—sit—down,' said the light-grey Dalek in its slow metallic voice. 'And—do—not—eat—all—the—cakes—'

Barbara drew back her hand just as she was about to take a bun. 'Do you come here often?' she said airily, hoping to make polite conversation.

The darker of the two Daleks began to flash and shake all over.

'He's got slight indigestion,' said Dr. Who, preparing with elaborate care a teapot, a ladle, and a bottle, 'and if you drink this tea,' he added, 'you'll probably get it yourself. Now open your mouth.'

Barbara felt she ought to obey, though her enthusiasm had begun to grow less.

'I'm afraid,' she said, looking round warily for a clock, 'I shall have to hurry. I'm very late as it is.'

Dr. Who looked at her steadily. 'Never,' he said solemnly, 'be a slave to time. And never waste it, either.'

'I try not to,' said Barbara, 'but sometimes—like now for instance—'

The light-grey Dalek began to make a noise like a spring unwinding.

'That's done it,' said Dr. Who. 'You've upset him now. You really have given him the pip.'

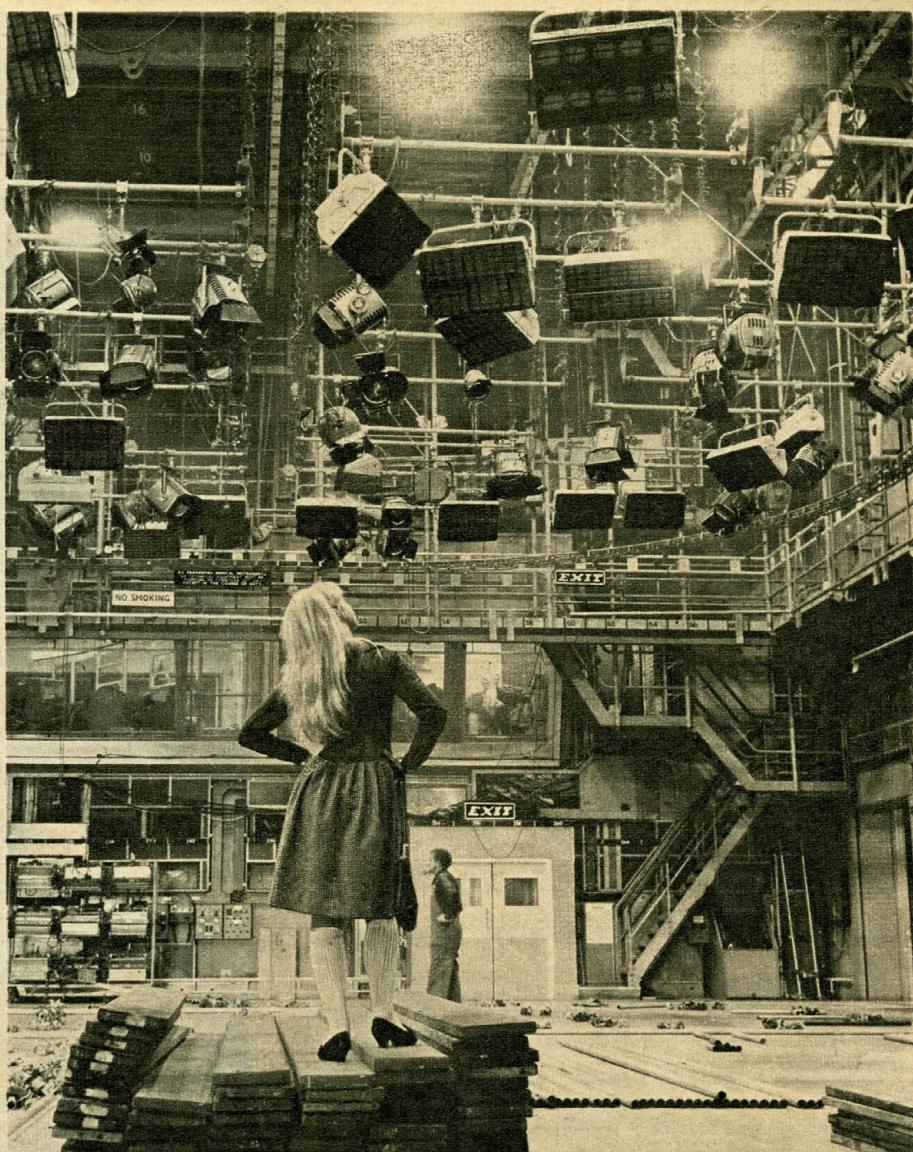
'The pip?'

'On the hour, and every five minutes thereafter, when he's upset. Greenwich mean time, of course.'

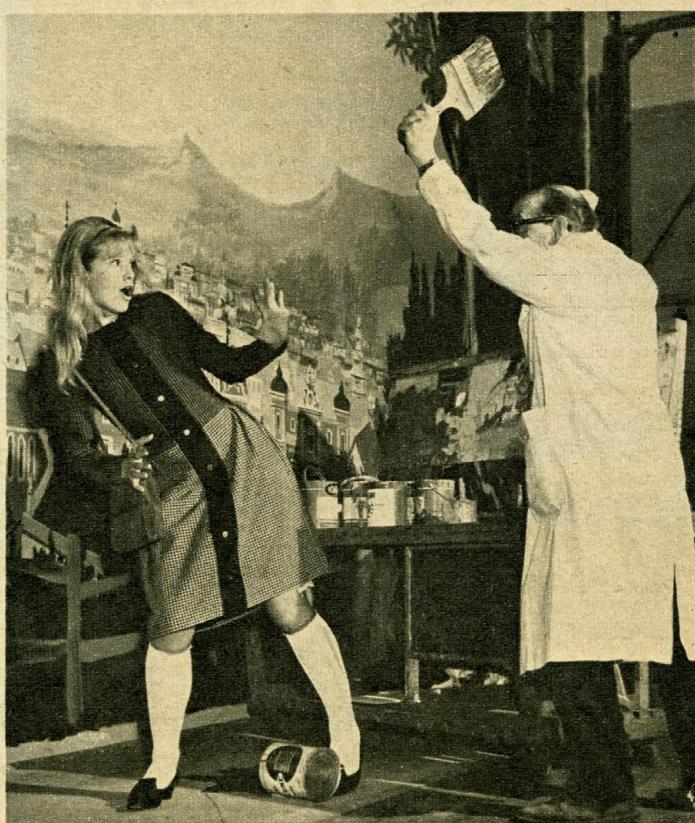
Barbara heard the first pip just as she fled from the restaurant, hardly daring to look back in case they were following; in case the whole crazy trio tried to keep her in their clutches with their meaningless muttering. In fact she felt so confused by now that the *Beat Room* seemed far and remote and unreal to her.

'And the surprising thing is I don't mind,' she said out loud as she found herself at last in which seemed to be an antique shop cluttered with meaningless bric-a-brac and ornaments. She could scarcely imagine then being used by anyone, except perhaps as Christmas presents for members of the staff. 'Or perhaps,' she reflected as she grabbed a large feather and began to mimic three small statues standing on the floor, 'this is where they come to write all those serials.'

Certainly, whatever Dr. Who had given her to drink, she felt much stronger, and more courageous now as she wandered through the cluttered vaults full of glass-fibre spiders and plastic Greek soldiers; of missing Goyas and miniature Mount Everests; of plywood aspidistras and stringless cellos. This, at least, she felt as she moved through into a huge hollow hall with paint and scenery and walls and columns filling the space, was a world she recognised and understood—a kind of do-it-yourself dreamworld kit, that relied less upon the unpredictable behaviour of human beings. And yet, would it ever be enough? Had she not seen herself on the television screen? Had she not tasted for those few seconds a new world altogether—in which *they* would now be looking at *her*—instead of *her* looking at *them*?

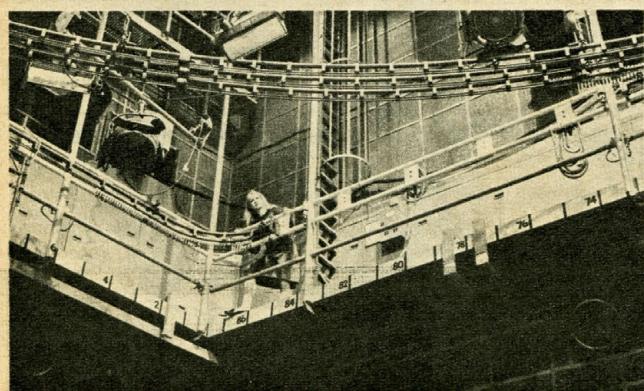


... with great barrels and waffles of lights prodding down



... she came merely to a deserted gallery

A kind of do-it-yourself dream world



'Goodness,' she thought, shaking her head as she allowed herself to be carried away. 'What am I thinking about? They'll still be waiting—for me.'

It seemed suddenly easier to find her way back to the studio—or at least to the door she had first tried and entered. But now, as she crept into it, expecting to hear the beat of the music, she found nothing but silence and nothing but emptiness, with the great barrels and waffles of lights prodding down from the high ceiling. The stairs were there, certainly: the same stairs she had climbed in those first few frantic minutes, but now, as she climbed them again, she came merely to a deserted gallery—no life, no noise, no hurry, no shouting.

For a few minutes she stood there trying to remember what had happened. Had she dreamt it? Had she fallen asleep earlier, and been walking in a daze? Was she perhaps still asleep? She pinched herself gently on the hand. She was awake all right. It must just be so late that she had missed the show, and everyone had gone home. There was nothing left for her to do but to follow suit.

Slowly and still uncertainly, she walked out of the studio, towards the centre of the building, towards the brightly lit reception area.

'Great show Babs,' said someone who hurried past in the darkness. 'See you next week.'

'Sweetie,' said another voice—this time a voice she recognised as the man's with the earphone ears—'so where were you after the show? We looked all over.'

'After...?'

'We wanted to buy you a drink.'

'After...?' she repeated.

'Never mind,' he went on. 'There'll be plenty more—plenty more chances. See this,' he said, opening his briefcase. 'Colour photograph of you.'

Barbara held it to the light and stared. There she was, Babs, one of the Beat Girls, unmistakably her, with her hair done up in plaits, but recognisably herself.

'I... I don't understand,' she began.

'They're going to be used in *Radio Times*,' he said, 'over Christmas.'

'But,' said Barbara, 'I mean—I don't remember—'

'Get a good night's sleep, love,' he patted her shoulder. 'You'll be all right in the morning. And don't be late for rehearsal.'

Much later as she lay in bed at home Barbara kept trying to put the pieces together, but as she fell asleep there was somewhere still moving around in her brain the uncertainty as to whether the world of television was more real than life, or whether you could ever separate the two once you became involved in both. It was clearly something she would have to make up her mind about before long. But for now it hardly mattered.

Barbara in Wonderland

FEATURED

**BARBARA
LORD
AS BABS**

•

WRITTEN BY
Rowan Ayers

PRODUCED BY
Peter Harle

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE
TELEVISION CENTRE BY
Charles E. Walls

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF
THE
BBC TELEVISION SERVICE





The Merseybeats



The Kinks

Beat in the New

A chance to greet 1965 in swinging style

2

11.35

CONSIDER yourself invited to a party, to see out the old year and beat in the new in true *Beat Room* style. By the time you join the other guests in the studio tonight things will have been in full swing for an hour or so—and swinging is the operative word, for a lot of lively young people are going to have themselves a ball. Until three minutes to midnight, it will be Hitsville '64; a bouncing backward glance at all the pops that have topped the hit parade in the past twelve months. To play and sing their own and other people's Number One numbers there is an outstanding line-up, including the Merseybeats, the Kinks, the Graham Bond Organisation, Billy J. Kramer, Christine Holmes, Ray Singer, Peter and the Headlines.

Julie Rogers will be singing goodbye to the old year, and round about midnight some sur-

prises are in store. Then, to welcome in brand-new 1965, something equally new in entertainment: the first 'beat age cabaret.' Explains producer **Barry Langford**: 'Everybody claims there's no talent around today, but I think there is more than ever before, so I'm giving some young pop artists their head to show what they can do in a Las Vegas-type cabaret act.' For example: the Rockin' Berries will abandon singing for comedy, P. J. Proby is going to 'give expression to everything he has ever wanted to do,' and the Beat Room Girls will switch from rock 'n' roll to the Can Can.

On hand will be such guests as Diana Dors, Carole Ann Ford and Millie, while **Pat Campbell**, the Beat Room compere and popular radio disc jockey—often heard but never yet seen on the screen—will start his new year by moving into vision for the first time. All in all, it promises to be quite a party. See you there...?



Peter and the Headlines



Diana Dors



Carole Ann Ford

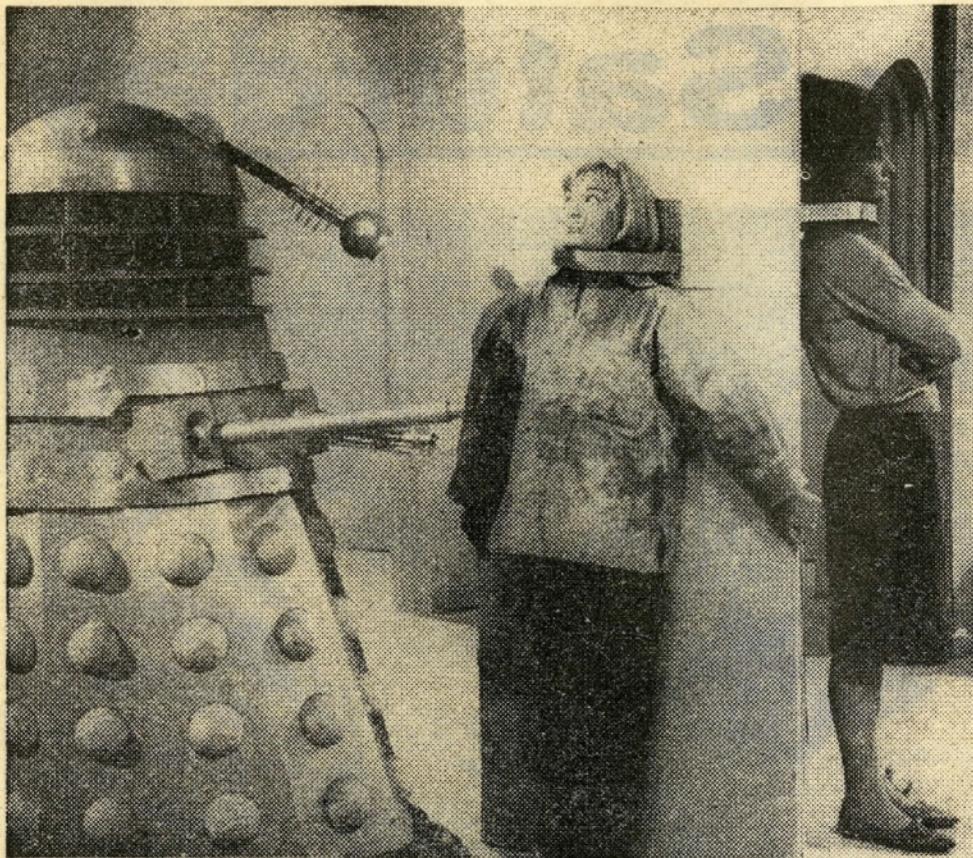


Millie



Julie Rogers





PRISONERS OF THE DALEKS

1

5.55 As today's episode opens the Daleks, those fascinating though amoral robot monsters created by Terry Nation to plague Dr. Who and his companions, still hold twenty-second-century Britain in their pitiless grasp. Poor Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) and Jenny (Ann Davies) become their prisoners. But despite the worst efforts of the Daleks, their overlord the Black Dalek, and their ex-human servants the Robomen, some sparks of resistance are still flickering in scattered areas. As for Ian, he has already reached the mysterious mining area in Bedfordshire by stowing away aboard one of the flying saucers operated by the invaders. He is learning fast just how grim the situation is in those hellish pits, where the starving armies of human slave labourers are terrorised by their masters and exploited by black marketeers.

5.55

DR. WHO

An adventure in space and time
starring

WILLIAM HARTNELL

WILLIAM RUSSELL

JACQUELINE HILL

and

CAROLE ANN FORD

★

Flashpoint

by TERRY NATION

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Producer, **VERITY LAMBERT**

Directed by **RICHARD MARTIN**

The Daleks' project is completed and
the Doctor is faced with another
problem.

See facing page

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